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that would develop a sturdy manhood or womanhood is the ability to decide for self any and all questions; for where this quality is wanting the individual invariably asks some other one's opinion, and if he acts on this one's judgment now, and again on some other one's, there will be apparent in his life a strange inconsistency of behaviour that will mystify friends and repel acquaintances, and destroy all personal influence. Now this quality of self-reliance, although to some extent a natural endowment, must be cultivated. This many parents prevent by preparing everything to the hand of their children, so that no effort on their part is required to realize their wishes. And, as a rule, children of such parents are not the men and women that became famous. It is the rare exception that a youth reared in luxury and ease ever rises above mediocrity in anything. On the other hand, it is the sons and daughters of humble cottagers, who from very infancy have been thrown upon their own resources, first for amusement as they lay in the cradle while the mother toiled, and later to improvise playthings for themselves if they would have any; these are the characters who, having learned thus early this very important lesson, have developed into the self-made men and women that have blessed the world.

Fits, convulsions, dizziness and headache are prevented and cured by using Warner's Safe Cure. Why? Dr. Owen Rees says: "The tenuity (watery condition) of the blood in Bright's Disease produces cerebral symptoms, the serous (watery portion) is filtered through the blood vessels of the brain, causing anemia and subsequent head symptoms. That is why these symptoms yield to Warner's Safe Cure. It gets rid of the Bright's Disease and prevents the blood from becoming watery."

HER SILENCE SAVED ME.

"I remember," said a young man, "being in company with several thoughtless girls. Among them, however, there was one exception; a serious, quiet and beautiful woman whose religious opinions were well known, and whose pen had for a long time spoken eloquently in the cause of truth and virtue through the columns of our village paper. Suddenly I conceived the thought of bantering her on religious subjects, and with the fool-hardiness of youth and recklessness of impiety, I launched forth with some stale infidel objections that none but the fool who has said in his heart, 'There is no God,' would venture to reiterate. The flock of silly goslings about me laughed and tittered, and I, encouraged by their mirth, grew bold and repeated my innuendoes occasionally glancing slyly at the principal butt of my fun. She did not seem to notice me at all; and she did not smile, did not look at me."

"Still I continued my impious harangue, thinking that she must refute something, that she would not surely hear her own faith held up to ridicule by a beardless boy. The snickerers around me gradually began to glance toward her. Her face was so quiet, so even solemn in its quiet, that seriousness stole over them, and I stood alone, striving by my own senseless laughter to buoy up my fast sinking courage."

"She still never spoke or smiled—scarcely moved; her immobility grew awful; I began to stutter—to pause—to feel cold and strange—I could not tell how. My courage oozed off; my heart grew faint—I was conquered."

"That night after I went home, in reflecting over my fool-hardy adventure, I could have scourged myself. The sweet angelic face of my mute accuser came up before me in the visions of the night; I could not sleep. Nor did I rest till, some days after, I went to the home of the lady I had insulted and asked her pardon. Then she spoke to me, how mildly! how Christianly! how sweetly! I was subdued, melted down; and it was not long after that I became, I trust, an humble Christian, and looked back to my miserable unbelief with horror."

"Her silence saved me. Had she answered me with wrath, with sarcasm, with sneer, or with rebuke, I should have grown stronger in my bantering and more determined in my opposition."

But she was silent, and I felt as if my voice was striving to make itself heard against the word of an Omnipotent God.

"O, how often would it be better, if instead of vain argument of hot dispute, the Christian would use the magic of silence!"

"THE DISEASE proceeds silently amid apparent health." That is what Wm. Roberts, M.D., Physician to the Manchester Infirmary and Lunatic Hospital, Professor of Medicine in Owen's College, says in regard to Bright's Disease. Is it necessary to give any further warning? If not, use Warner's Safe Cure before your kidney malady becomes too far advanced.

COVERING CORN.

When the ground is dry, corn requires a heavier and firmer covering. It is sometimes said that the later the planting the heavier and firmer should be the covering; but this is true only so far as it holds good that the later in the season the drier the ground. Sometimes the ground contains more moisture in May than in April; then the May covering should be lighter and looser. Generally, however, toward the close of the planting season the ground has lost so much moisture that not only should the covering be heavy, but it may well be compacted by a stroke with the hoe or even by tramping upon it. If the planting is done with a two horse planter, the runners are properly set to go deeper and the firming action of the wheels is not disturbed. In fact, if the ground is unusually dry, it is advisable to go over the field with a heavy roller two days after the corn is planted. Germination has not yet reached the stage where the displacement of the earth by the roller will prove injurious to the corn, while this displacement will kill myriads of weeds that have just started near the surface. If used early enough, a roller is a good weed-destroyer. If, on the other hand, the ground is damp as it is most likely to be early in the season, less covering is required, and the covering should not be compacted with the hoe or foot. If the planting is done with a two-horse planter, the harrow should follow after, to loosen the covering compacted by the wheels. The amount and density of the covering should also be modified by the character of the soil. A light, loose soil—therefore one that dries out rapidly—may well be compacted above the seed when a heavy, clayey soil should be kept loose; and the covering of the former should be heavier than of the latter. The general principle is that the covering should be sufficient to keep moisture about the seed, but not of a character to retain an excess of moisture or to shut out the warmth of the sun; and the shallowest covering that will secure the essential conditions of germination is the best.—*American Agriculturist for May.*

THE FATHER'S CARE.

One of our pleasantest recollections of childhood is that it was a time when we were confident of being taken care of. We took no thought of raiment but to wear it when it was provided. We went to sleep without anxiety; no distraction came into our dreams; we did not spend our dream hours in carrying impossible burdens up interminable hills. It was but a moment from "good night" to "good morning," and the new day always blossomed out in original freshness and sparkle.

The quietude of our young years was due, more than we thought of then, to the fact that we had a father and mother to go to when we were in trouble. They used always to help us out of our little difficulties. When a child comes in from outside the first question he is likely to ask is: "Where's mother?" He may not want her for anything particular, but he wants to know that she is there. Having father and mother under the same roof makes the child's sleep more quiet at night.

And so among larger difficulties that throng and swarm around us as we move along in older years there is nothing we need so much as to feel that there is one that stands to us in just the same

relation now as father and mother used to stand ten years ago. That is the first idea of God we want to have formed in us when we are little, and the last idea we want to have of him as we move out and up in the place prepared for us in the Father's house on high. The first recorded sentence that Jesus spoke called God his Father, and his last recorded sentence on the cross called God his Father.

THE LATE DR. DIO LEWIS, over his own signature in speaking of Warner's Safe Cure said: "I am satisfied the medicine is not injurious, and will frankly add that if I found myself a victim of serious kidney trouble, I would use the preparation."

"WHY STAND YE HERE ALL THE DAY IDLE?"

They stood because no man had hired them. They went at the first call. In God's vineyard each has his duty for his own soul and for the souls of others. He who is not a "laborer," doing earnestly this work, lives idly, however busy he may be in the worlds schemes and tasks. Some hear, but heed not, till they find that the call of the eleventh hour has sounded and is silent, and that night in which none work has overtaken them.

God gives my nature to my care, that by my close toil, and through his blessing, evil may be rooted out and fruit of holiness may ripen for his glory. Work in God's vineyard, the Church, is marked as mine. I am called to do it; if I fail, the work is not done; or else, some one must leave his own work undone that he may do mine. God calls me as a "laborer" to use for him the strength he gives. He might drive me as a slave. He leaves me free and offers "hire." There is great reward in a character trained in God's service and a nature changed to be fruitful in pleasing God. God remembers work done in the spirit of free love and obedience.—When evening comes he will give to each what is right. Does the day go by, and call after call leave me still idle before God? Am I "standing idle," looking at my work without doing it, or doing it idly? Do I expect God to do for me what he has given me strength to do? Do I think of grace as an encouragement, not to zeal but to sloth? Am I sure that a call for true work will come again. When the day has gone, can I plead that "no man hath hired me?"

MAKING THE BEST OF THINGS.

Here is a pretty story about Jenny Lind, the charming singer, which shows the wisdom and practical piety of making the best of things.

"Once upon a time a little orphan girl lived with an ill-tempered old woman called Sarah, in an almshouse in Stockholm. Johanne, as the lassie was named, used to make hair-plaits, and whenever Sarah used to take them to market to sell them, she would lock the door and keep poor Johanne a prisoner till she came back. But Johanne was a little girl, and tried to forget her troubles by working as hard as she could. However, one fine day she could not help crying as she thought of her loneliness; but noticing the cat, as neglected as herself, she dried her tears, took it up in her lap, and nursed it till the pussy fell asleep. Then she opened the window to let in the summer breeze, and began to sing with a lighter heart as she worked at her plaits. And as she sang, her beautiful voice attracted a lady, who stopped her carriage that she might listen. The neighbours told her about Johanne, and the lady placed her in school. Then she was entered as a pupil elsewhere, and in course of time, under the name of Jenny Lind "the Swedish nightingale," became the most famous singer of her day."

Think how different her life might have been if she had pushed her lonely cat aside, and thinking only of her own grief, had spent the afternoon in tears! God surely smiled upon the little act of self-forgetfulness in nursing poor kitty when her own heart was heavy.

Everybody needs to learn this art of looking on